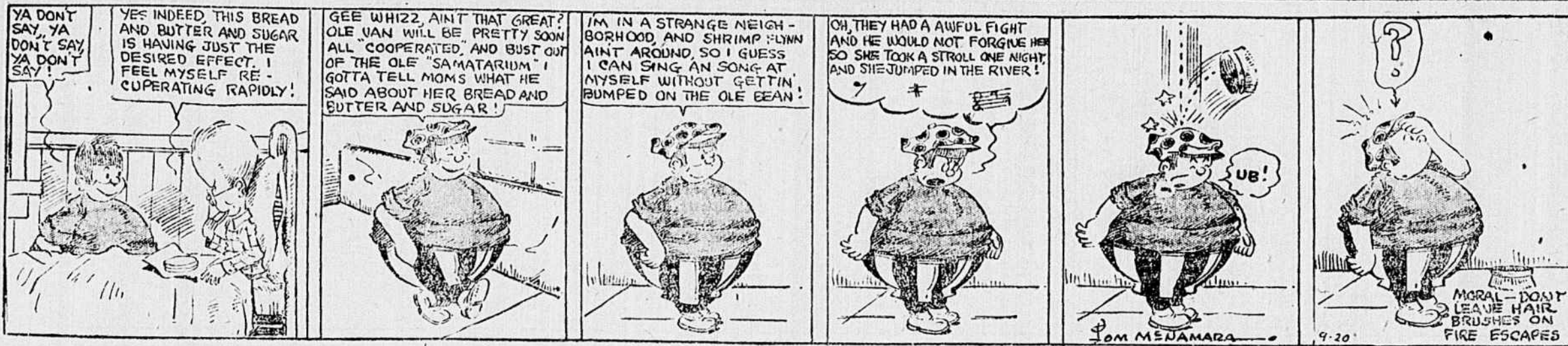


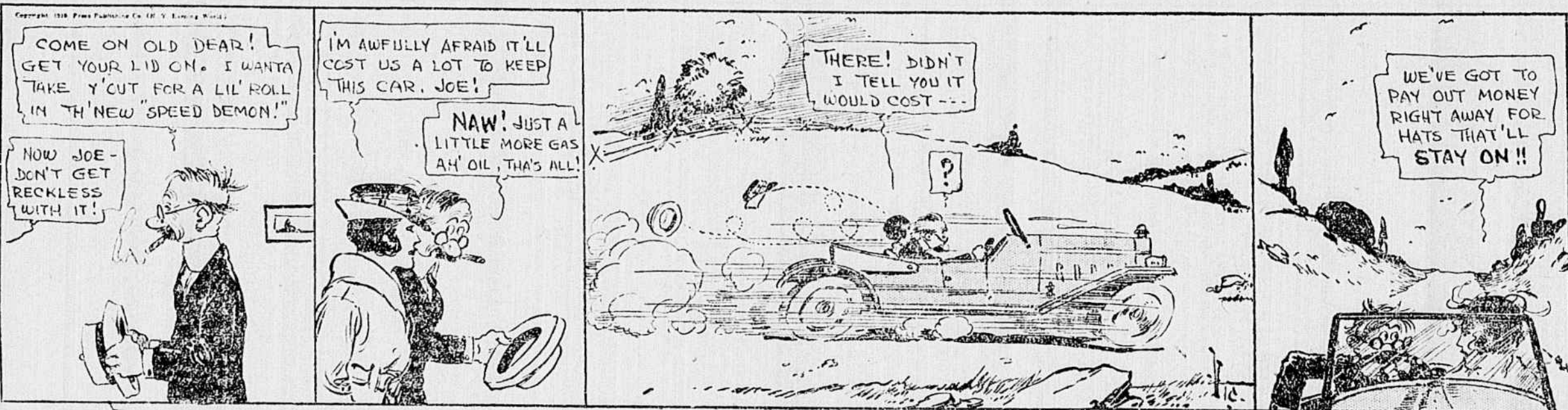
US BOYS

Another Moral Is Don't Sing So Loud



JOE'S CAR

Might Not Be a Bad Idea to Get a Couple of Trench Helmets



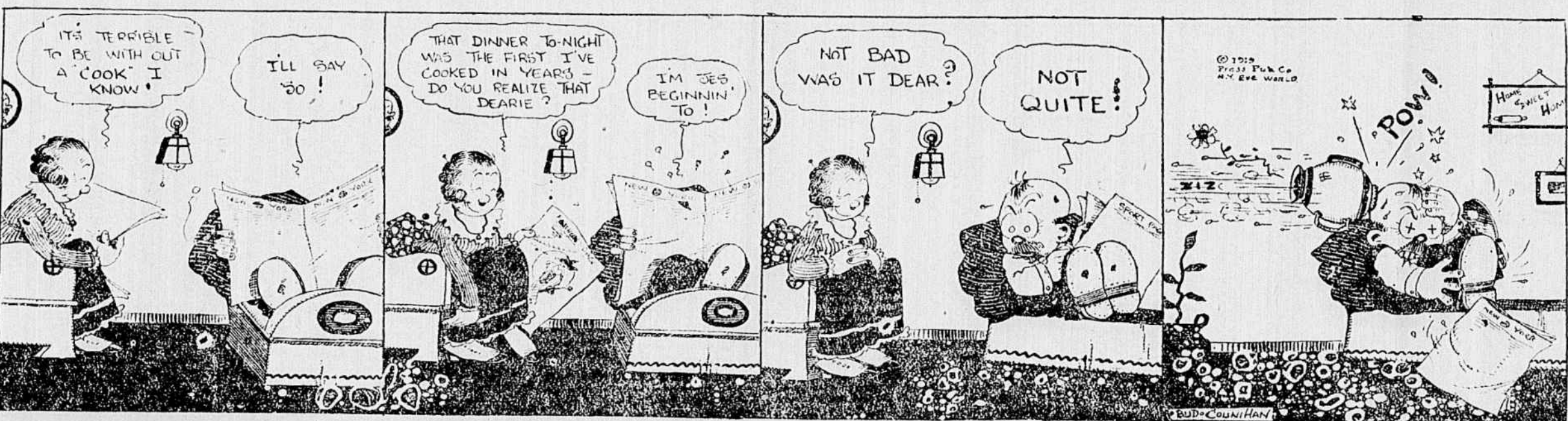
LEAVE IT TO LOU

In Any Event He Has a Crust and Needs Dough



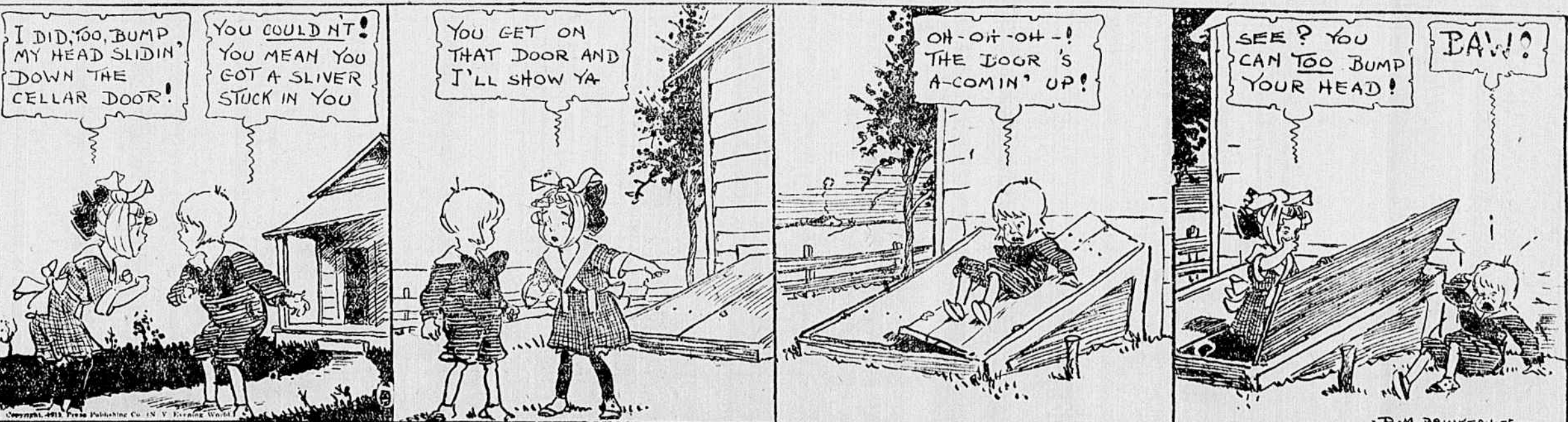
THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

There Was Room for Improvement—Somewhere



LITTLE MARY MIX-UP

Bobby Now Has a "Bump of Curiosity"



Daily Short Story COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.

"Storms of Fate."

BY PHOEBE SHEPHERD.

As Katherine left the shelter of the building and crossed the street, she came in great sheets from the north. It was one of those middle December afternoons when the weather falls early, and the storm did not let her the general confusion.

A rippling sound from above caused Katherine to look up suddenly, and she caught her breath as the rain poured on her face through a great hole in her umbrella. She was a slender, well-dressed girl, and she was looking at the sky with a look of surprise. When her breath returned, she could not look back at the hole in the sky, but she looked at the rain and, at sight of the woe-begotten expression on her face, she laughed outright.

"I can't help it," she insisted, "you look so funny with that expression on your face. I really am not dead, you know."

"You surely are a good sport," the man said, a ghost of a smile flickering at the corners of his mouth. "Here I've ruined your umbrella, probably spoiled your best hat and got you in for a good drenching, and all you do is laugh about it."

"The umbrella isn't mine. I found it at the office. Someone had left it there. The hat doesn't count; the rain won't hurt me and, if you care to hear a secret, I am trying to get fat, so I laugh at all sorts of things other people might cry about. Laugh and grow fat, you know."

"I might try that recipe myself," the man told her. "I am much too thin, as you see, and I must confess I don't laugh very much, never say anything to laugh at."

"Surely you do now," Katherine insisted. "Look at that woman scurrying across the street, huddled up her skirts in that funny fashion. See that fat man arguing with the traffic policeman in the midst of the downtown, as though it were a sunny June afternoon. If you look about you, you can laugh all day long."

"I begin to see now," the man said. "I wonder if you'd help me. I know very few people who are really happy. I've been told that you are a very good person, and I'm sure you are. I am not acquainted with one single girl here," the man told her, dependently. "Will you help me, will you trust to luck. If you will allow me to get on this car with you we may arrive at a social meeting."

But Katherine's corner was reached before they could decide on a mutual acquaintance and Katherine, having brought up by an old-fashioned mother, could only say good-bye and hope for another meeting.

"It's too bad," she told her mother later. "Apparently he is so nice and so badly in need of friends and a little mothering."

Mrs. Truesdale looked at her quickly. "Katherine, watch me carefully. I'm going to get me on your side. Still, if the boy is alone and in need of mothering, it seems wrong to refuse to help him. Some dreadful creature may get hold of him. I think you had better and better call when you meet him again."

But weeks went by and though Katherine watched the car carefully, it seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. She was hurrying home one snowy evening when she saw an exclamation behind her and turned to find the man laughing down at her. "I have been looking for you ever since," he said, "and in the meantime I've learned to laugh. I've found a mutual acquaintance, met him last night, and he promised to bring me to call on you."

"You seem to come with a storm," Katherine said lightly, though her heart was beating. "Shall I tell you that I have looked for you, too. Mr. Truesdale decided that you need mothering and that, in your case, the introduction might be waived. I've had an invitation for you for ever so long."

The following months proved to be very happy ones for Katherine and for Stuart Truesdale, between Katherine's companionship and Mrs. Truesdale's mothering he was in a fair way to be badly spoiled. He had become so accustomed to being made much of that, as he ran out to Katherine's one night, he found a letter from her, dated unexpectedly, it was with a shock that he heard the piano and a man's voice ringing out in the latest war songs.

Stuart stopped abruptly. He knew that Katherine had other friends, but he had met some of them, but this fellow, in a uniform, too, seemed a special friend as the glimpse through the lighted window showed. It seemed terrible to stand there in the darkness when the singer suddenly seized Katherine in his arms and kissed her. Stuart was rooted to the spot. Even the entrance of Mrs. Temple did not disturb the pair, in fact, she patted the soldier on the back as she passed him.

Gone were poor Stuart's dreams as he sadly made his way to the car. The man could not be a cousin, for Katherine had not been a cousin, but this fellow, in a uniform, too, seemed a special friend as the glimpse through the lighted window showed. It seemed terrible to stand there in the darkness when the singer suddenly seized Katherine in his arms and kissed her. Stuart was rooted to the spot. Even the entrance of Mrs. Temple did not disturb the pair, in fact, she patted the soldier on the back as she passed him.

It was very foolish, of course, but Stuart was young and hot-headed and it would be only with years and experience that tolerance would come to him. Finally the longing to see Katherine became too great and he took to standing about where he knew she might pass, but his watching brought no result. Then one stormy evening as he sought shelter in a doorway, he saw her across the street, bravely braving the wind and the rain. A vision of their first meeting almost a year ago and on just such a night, came to him, and his first impulse was to hurry to her. She looked pale and thinner than before, he thought. Her laugh and growl fat policy had evidently been a failure.

Then suddenly he rushed across to her and pushed aside a rough-looking man who had accosted her. There was a long silence. Then as Katherine, without a word of thanks for his help, attempted to pass him, Stuart blocked her way. He seized the umbrella, putting his hands over hers, and looked at her penitently.

"I know I'm no end of a duffer, and a cad, and everything that's bad," he said humbly. "I saw that tramp frightened me. You'll have to stay with me."

Whatever Stuart's answer that brought back the color to Katherine's cheeks, no one but the two knew, for the street was deserted and umbrellas tell no tales.

In Simple Language Five-year old: "Father, what is the exact meaning of the verb beginning 'Jack Sprat could eat no fat'?" Father: "In simple terms it is as follows—Jack Sprat could assimilate no adipose tissue. His wife, on the other hand, possessed an aversion from the more muscular portions of epithelium. And so between them both, you see, they removed all the foreign substances from the surface of that utilitarian atomal compound called 'platter.' Does that make it clear, son?" Five-year old: "Perfectly, father. The lack of lucidity in these Mother Goose Rhymes is amazingly apparent."

Rather Cute Edwin (tenderly touching Madeline's tresses)—Sweet one, let me be like this lovely hair! Madeline (tremulously)—What dear, what would you be? Edwin (rapturously)—All your own!